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THE DAWN OF AN IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.

GEOFFREY THE GENIUS, AND PERCY THE PLODDER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ARCHIE CAMPBELL."

CHAPTER VIII.

We have seen that Geoffrey Armitage, in the very earliest days of his manhood, carried out the visions of his boyish ambition; and Percival Malcolm had been equally mindful of his youthful resolutions to work his way upwards by quiet diligence and in-

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dustry. The discoveries of Bradley's incompetency and subsequent malicious persecution had, as it were, involuntarily directed Percival's thoughts towards the subject of chemistry; and he saw that a practical knowledge of that science might be made available to his employer's advantage and his own. His kind master, who had so nobly withstood the temptation to believe the accusations against his honesty, had never yet received any tangible proof

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of his gratitude—nothing beyond the heartfelt expression of that feeling had been in his power to offer; but if he could acquire knowledge which might be turned to good account in the business, it would more than compensate for the mental exertions and self-denial he would have to undergo. He made confidantes of his mother and uncle, who highly approved his resolution; but true modesty forbade him naming the subject to Mr. Montague, who sometimes wondered that his young clerk declined to join the circle in the drawing-room, when it had been augmented by younger and livelier companions than himself, his wife and sister. But Percy had set himself a task, to conquer certain difficulties which met him at the outset of his new path of enterprise, and he persevered in spite of the temptations of gaiety and the shafts of friendly banter.

"I do not mind their laughing at my old-fashioned ways," he thought, as one evening he smilingly refused the request of some young friends to "stay and enjoy himself like other folks." "As Uncle William says, 'When pleasure has the helm, she sometimes puts wisdom under the hatches;' so I mean to work now, that I may have the privilege of playing by and by. I want to give Mr. Montague the advantage of the reality of knowledge; he has paid dear enough for the mere semblance of it."

Before the close of the summer, an unexpected visit from the much-talked-of Monsieur Gaubin gave Percy an opportunity of being of great assistance to his employer, as his knowledge of the French language was immediately put in requisition in establishing a friendly communication between the principal of the English factory and the foreign consumer. He also proved an agreeable and intelligent guide to his new acquaintance, who was lavish in his expressions of pleasure and gratitude for his attentions; and Mr. Montague, very glad to have so efficient a condjutor in the effort of entertaining a valued connection, willingly gave Percival up for his daily companion during his sojourn at Darnley.

The objects of local importance were not many; but the young man contrived to invest them with much interest to the stranger, who, with true foreign courtesy and tact, guessing what would confer pleasure in return, begged he might have the gratification of an introduction to the dear mother and kind uncle of whom his *bon ami Pairey* spoke in such affectionate terms, and see the pretty village of Nestlebury, which he described so eloquently. Accordingly, they drove there in the little pony carriage the day before Monsieur Gaubin's departure. They crossed the pretty river over a substantial brick bridge, about half a mile below the old mill, from whence it formed a picturesque object, half hidden as it was by the noble elms which fringed the winding stream. The lofty spire of the village church pointed heavenward above embowering woods, which gradually ascended to the summit of high receding hills, and shut out the far distance with a leafy screen; the setting sun threw a gorgeous ray of brilliance on the sylvan scene, and Percy drew in the pony's rein and paused

a few minutes to point out its beauty to his companion. As he did so, Monsieur Gaubin caught sight of some beautiful tall grass growing by the river's brink. He uttered an exclamation of admiration and pleasure.

"Ah! that is magnificent! I should like to have some of it," he said emphatically, pointing to the waving stems below.

Percival asked, in reply, if he dared to hold the reins for a few minutes; and, receiving an affirmative, he placed them in his hand, jumped lightly from the carriage, and ran down the bank to the edge of the water; then, taking a clasp-knife from his pocket, the companion and assistant in many a school frolic, he severed a large bundle of the elegant feathery grass, and scrambled back again with his prize, to the great delight of his expectant friend. Monsieur Gaubin was profuse in his acknowledgments; he wanted it for his little daughter, who was collecting specimens of grasses from various countries: this would prove a most acceptable addition: what favour could he grant his young friend in return for his prompt and polite compliance with his wishes? Whilst speaking, he squeezed the stems of his newly acquired prize, from which exuded a greenish moisture that sadly stained the delicate hue of his pale straw-coloured kid gloves. Rather too strong a word expressed his annoyance at the circumstance; but he turned it off with a shrug and a smile, as he added, that "such *contretemps* proved good for trade."

Percival expressed his regret; but, glancing at the damaged glove, he was so struck by the peculiar brightness of the green stain it had received, that he remarked it with a sort of pleasurable surprise. "It must be the effect of the vegetable juice on the previous dye," he exclaimed aloud; "I wish I knew what chemical combinations would produce a like result."

Monsieur Gaubin inquired somewhat wonderingly what thus moved him, and Percy immediately gave a truthful explanation, which, to his surprise and pleasure, elicited the information that his companion was something of an experimental chemist himself, although he had never turned his acquirement to any practical use. He added, that he had received from an old uncle, the deceased pastor of a small community of Swiss protestants, some valuable receipts for preparing dyes, which he had for mere amusement frequently tested, and that, if his *bon ami Pairey* would accept them, he should be delighted to thus return his kind contribution to the grass collection of his *chère petite Adèle*.

When they arrived at the cottage of Mrs. Malcolm, the reception given by her, and her worthy brother, quite fascinated their foreign visitor, whose long residence in Germany, and marriage with a lady of that country, had familiarized him with many similar domestic comforts to those enjoyed in our own happy England; and, Mr. Belford being able to converse fluently in French, they were both soon agreeably entertained.

Percival drew his mother aside, to tell delightedly of the unexpected assistance which seemed likely to be afforded him by his new acquaintance, in the

scientific pursuit he had lately commenced; and the mother's heart felt cheered and grateful at these fresh evidences of a providential care extended over her fatherless boy.

The information being communicated to Uncle William, produced more than one of his pithy and appropriate proverbs. "Another instance, you see, my dear boy, that 'he who benefits another, does good to himself:' ay, ay, you may take it as a maxim, that in the moral, as in the natural world, 'one good seed brings a plentiful return.'"

The passage of a few months proved Monsieur Gaubin mindful of his promise, and Percy deserving of its fulfilment; for the old Latin receipts were forwarded as soon as the former reached home, and translated with eager diligence by their gratified recipient. To test their practical utility in the manufactory at Darneley would require certain drugs and chemicals which were not now in stock on the premises, and Percival was too conscientious to ask his employer to purchase what might, after all, be of no use to him; and therefore, he resolved to save his salary as much as possible, to enable him to buy ingredients, materials, and utensils necessary for his proposed experiments. This resolution necessitated a good deal of self-denial, and great economy in his personal expenses; but the independence of character which Uncle William had so assiduously cultivated and encouraged, would not allow him to take advantage of the purse of others, when his own could be thus made to supply his wants.

Thus, more and more dissimilar were becoming the habits and practice of Geoffrey and Percival. The former, at this period, was just beginning those "lofty flights of genius," as he termed his speculations, which were to bring their golden products in swift succession to his eager grasp, and this with so little difficulty and labour, that he would have laughed at the slow quiet methods by which his former schoolfellow was now patiently toiling towards success: Geoffrey, scrupling not to convert his neighbours' necessities into the lever for raising his own interests; and Percival, shrinking, as we have seen, from the very thought of taking advantage, even briefly and temporarily, of the money of a kind and willing benefactor.

Before the end of the year, the indefatigable Percival had made considerable progress in his self-imposed task, and felt that he might admit Mr. Montague into his secret without fear of ridicule. He chose the anniversary of his entrance upon that gentleman's employment for the innocent and pleasing surprise he had planned; and, asking his kind friend, after luncheon, to accompany him across the yard, led the way towards a store-room which had been unused for some time.

"What new wonders await me here, Percy?" inquired his employer, smiling. "Any more subterranean passages and trap-doors discovered by the joint sagacity of Fido and yourself?"

Percival smiled in return, as he threw open the door of what, some years before, had been to Mr. Montague an oft-frequented room. The latter paused on the threshold. There were the self-same retorts, the steeping-tubs, the glass tubes, and various other apparatus of the laboratory, so un-

worthily used by Bradley, in the brief period of his employment as manufacturing chemist in the establishment. They had cost Mr. Montague so dear in every respect, that the sight of them, after so long a period of desuetude, was at first anything but pleasant; and he turned a glance of surprise and slight vexation on Percy, as he followed him into the apartment. A short explanation, however, gave a very different turn to his feelings. With modest exultation, the diligent "plodder" told how he had conquered difficulties, acquired information, and turned it to a practical account. The bright tinted liquids in sample bottles, which he produced from a store closet, had been subjected to the proper tests of printing on various fabrics, and the usual processes to prove their durability; and the pattern-book, drawn from the same receptacle, gave ample testimony to the not unimportant point. Mr. Montague was equally surprised and pleased. He had had no idea of how the leisure hours of his young secretary had been employed, and their result was therefore the more satisfactory. Not one shilling of his master's money had Percival expended on materials or ingredients, judging at the same time that he was not acting wrong in using the fittings-up of the laboratory, wherein to work out his experiments; and he felt already well rewarded for his self-denial and exertions, by the approval and pleasure bestowed and exhibited by his esteemed employer.

"We must immediately make these dyes available in the business, my boy," cried Mr. Montague eagerly; "many of them are particularly desirable. That bright green is a peculiar tint, which has never yet been obtained for printing in. If I am not much mistaken, it will take splendidly for the spring fashions; and although Shakespeare is an authority for asking doubtfully, 'What's in a name?' the motley goddess Fashion would reply decidedly, 'Much—everything;' and so we will send forth your new colour with a grandiloquent designation, which will at once insure attention and command respect. But we will drive over to Nestlebury this evening, and take your uncle and mother into our council."

There were thankful hearts in the widow's cottage that night, when Mrs. Malcolm and her worthy brother heard the just praises of their loved Percy's diligence and perseverance from the lips of his employer, and received a voluntary promise that his salary should be considerably raised, and that eventually a share in the business should become his, if he still desired to continue in it.

"You have deserved success, my dear boy, for not being deterred by difficulties at the outset," cried Uncle William, approvingly. "I have often told you that 'Patience is an herb that does not grow in everybody's garden;' but you see it is worth cultivating, as it bears good fruit."

"And now about the name to be given to Percival's new verdant tint," inquired Jessie Armitage, who was a visitor that evening at the cottage, and much interested in the narration of her young (or rather old) friend's late occupation.

"Give it one yourself, Jessie," he replied, with animation; "I feel sure it will be appropriate, and command success."

She blushed and smiled, and suggested a simple but significant name, which was at once adopted *nem. con.*, and a few months proved it a lucky designation. When the new colour, "The Malcolm," was advertised in all sorts of materials and patterns, the orders for it flowed in abundantly, and Mr. Montague protected the discovery of his young assistant by a patent, which secured them for a time the entire monopoly of its manufacture.

SONG BIRDS.

LITTLE boys, who are reading the Fables of "Phædrus," will have perhaps remarked how, according to the opinion of ancient Romans, as testified by the Latin language, barn-door cocks were said to sing; but we moderns, of finer musical perceptions, only dignify the morning performance of chanticleer by the more appropriate designation of "crowing." It is a remarkable fact, that no bird much bigger than the blackbird has a musical voice and can delight us by his song. The ancients said something about the musical notes of dying swans; but the tale is a mere fiction.

Song birds are pre-eminently denizens of temperate climes: none are worthy to be compared with the feathered warblers of Europe; and of all European countries, Britain is in this respect pre-eminent. Let one not be led away by statements to the effect that certain song birds are heard in certain lands. This may be true, indeed; yet, the same birds may, and do, vary considerably in song. Nightingales are frequent enough in Denmark, but their song is different from the song of nightingales farther south, and by no means so agreeable. Nay, according to the authority of the Hon. Daines Barrington, chaffinches and linnets differ somewhat in song, according as they have been bred and reared in Middlesex, Surrey, or Essex. According to the same authority, the peculiar song of birds is not so much a matter of instinct as of imitation and education. They are taught to sing by their parents, and never forget the combination of notes which they may have once learnt. This assertion may fall strangely on the ears of some; but an examination of certain well-known facts lends much colour to it. Bullfinches can be taught to pipe admirably, nay, even to sing in harmonized parts; yet the natural voice of these birds is anything but musical—a mere harsh noise; and what will my readers say to the Hon. Daines Barrington, when he tells them that the dear little canary bird is not only a harsh songster in his own native clime, but that the song with which he favours us when in his civilized cage, is not an improvement on his natural song, but one which has been subsequently acquired. Linnets, it would appear, are great song imitators. One of these birds, which Mr. Barrington possessed, was habitually hung near the door of a conservatory leading into a garden, where it could listen to all the little chirpings and warblings going on out-of-doors in its vicinity. Judge the surprise of our honourable bird-fancier, when one fine morning he heard his young linnet imitating the voice of a tiny wren;

ay, and the wren's voice it retained to the very last, obstinately refusing, or being perhaps unable, to acquire any other.

Not only can birds of one species learn the music of birds of another species, but certain little noise-makers can have the faculty of executive music developed almost from nothing within them, as it would appear. Nobody, I think, ever looks upon sparrows as being very agreeable songsters; yet, if accounts are to be trusted, a young sparrow taken from its nest in early infancy, and placed to reside in company with musical feathered people, can emulate their doings not unsuccessfully.

And now I shall address myself to musical people. It has oftentimes occurred to many having fine musical organizations, to hear what is vulgarly known as a Dutch concert, namely, two or more instruments playing each in a different key. It is altogether horrid and abominable. It sets the very teeth on edge. Nobody whose musical perceptions are not of the very dullest quality can bear it. Well, but no person, however delicate his musical perceptions, ever listened to a concert of singing birds and was pained by it: there is nothing of the Dutch concert style about it. Were it otherwise, the bird concert of our woods and groves would be unbearable. Why is this?

The simplest explanation would seem to consist in assuming that all singing birds sing in the same key; but there is also another explanation. The human musical perceptions are not well able to detect minute differences in the extreme of a musical scale. A piano tuner experiences the least difficulty in dealing with the middle notes of the key-board. The extreme notes, whether of treble or bass, may differ considerably from what truth should require, and still the human sense of hearing not be able to take cognisance of it. Now bird notes, for the most part, are very high, considerably higher than the alto range of our voices or common instruments; wherefore it has been suggested that bird concerts may be made up, not only of different pieces of music, as we know they are, but also of music in different keys, and still the final result not be unharmonious.

Of course, there is a reason for everything, if we did but know it; none of God's works are chance works. Why, then, is it that little birds alone sing? Why is it that only male birds sing? Slight reflection will, I think, make known a sufficient reason. Most large birds are creatures of prey—rapacious creatures. They have to approach their victims before the latter are disturbed. Fancy what a poor chance a hawk would have of finding his dinner, if he were foolish enough to declare his whereabouts by musical sol-fa-ing! Fancy, too, how imprudent it would be for a bird-mother, engaged in the care of her eggs, or her progeny, to be disclosing the exact locale of her nursery to every sharp-eared ogre of a buzzard or a kite!

Though birds, as we have seen, possess considerable facilities of profiting by circumstances and education in learning music not naturally their own, nevertheless there is one branch of musical acquirements they are complete dunces at—not simply doing it badly, but not doing it at all.

They have no idea of time, nor can that idea be drilled into them; hence, when any young gentleman or lady forgets the logic of minims and quavers, and roams wildly over the gamut, there is some reason for the common saying, that the pupil sings or plays as wildly as a bird. In another respect, too, the sweet feathered songsters violate the precepts of good human musicians: they are all (the nightingale perhaps excepted) deficient in that unaccountable something, so readily felt by a musician, but so hard to define—*expression*. Their powers of modulation are but slight, and they do not attend over-much to their fortes and their pianos.

Is the singing of birds a sign of merriment—of pleasure? The general reply is affirmative, yet some circumstances tell in a contrary direction. A very remarkable example in point is furnished by the nightingale. That beautiful songster is perhaps the most impatient under restraint, of any singing bird. Nightingales, when first caged, must either be darkened or have their wings tied, to prevent the commission of suicide outright by beating against the cage. This does not seem to bespeak much happiness; nevertheless, a nightingale just captured in his native wood, and caged, will often sing wildly. Another fact is noticeable in respect of the presumed want of musical perception in birds: the little discrimination they possess for crude imitations of their own songs. Bird-calls are rude imitations enough. Human ears can readily detect the variation between them and the true bird music; nevertheless, the birds themselves, who seemingly ought to know so much better about it, are easily deceived by the fiction, and lured into the net or trap-cage.

Bird imitation is even more strikingly illustrated by speaking than by singing. Since modern navigation has caused the parrot tribe to be so common amongst us, parrots have borne the palm over all other speaking birds; nevertheless, the magpie and the jay still retain a small talking celebrity. In ancient times, the list of speaking birds was far longer. Many species are reputed to have had that faculty, which are either but sorry hands at conversation now, or cannot speak at all. According to Moschus, nightingales and swallows could speak in his time. The same circumstance Pliny also attests, increasing the list by the thrush, and, above all fellows in the world, the *barn-door cock*! I really cannot believe old Pliny, still less can I place faith in Statius, who not only testifies to the garrulity of cocks, but of red-legged and common partridges. Nevertheless, I have no doubt the faculty of speaking is much more widely distributed amongst birds than one commonly believes. About the year 1763, an apothecary named Matthews, resident at Kensington, possessed a linnet of great conversational powers. Its voice was not rough and punch-like, as is the voice of parrots, but soft and sweet. It used to amuse itself by imitating the errand-boy, and its powers were verified by numerous bird amateurs, not least amongst whom was the naturalist I have already so often cited, the Hon. Daines Barrington.

It is interesting to note the different successive

phases which the voice of a bird assumes. First, in very early days, comes the chirp, which is a mere note of recognition retained throughout the whole life, and possessed alike by the male and female bird. The chirp differs for different species, and has no analogy with the matured or full musical voice; for example, the chirp of the nightingale is harsh and discordant. When the bird is about a month old, another distinctive voice makes itself evident. Bird-fanciers term it "the call;" this also is retained as long as the bird lives, and until about the eleventh month it is the most elaborate vocal performance of which the bird is capable: then, however, it begins to "record," as the bird-fancier terms it; that is to say, begins to practise *sotto voce*, and, with much hesitation, the full vocal register. It is amusing to listen to the stumbles, and hitches, and break-downs which a recording bird encounters. No young lady studying her music lesson could work more assiduously, or oftentimes more unavailingly. Piping bullfinches, and certain other birds to which the task of learning artificial music is assigned, are instructed by listening to some sort of musical instrument. Care should be taken that the instrument employed be perfectly in tune, or else the pupil will inevitably commit to memory the imperfections of it. This, again, is strange, and it serves amongst other things to show how much lower are the musical perceptions of birds than what might have been imagined from the nature of their executive talents. A human singer, whose musical perceptions are not incorrigibly bad, would by no means repeat these imperfections. It would require great exercise of will to do so in the slightest degree, and most persons could not do so at all. The tendency of a singer is to correct such imperfections as almost necessarily appertain to the tuning of certain musical instruments—the piano, for instance—no two notes of which are absolutely in tune one with another.

Let me conclude this notice of feathered warblers by just indicating the way in which musical tones are produced by the organization of their throats; for which purpose we will direct a glance at the construction of artificial wind instruments. Most people are aware that the tones of wind instruments are developed in one of three principal ways. In the clarionet, and instruments of that type, a thin slip of vibrating reed is the vocal machine: in the flute, and instruments like the flute, a column of air is merely set into vibrations by a peculiar application of the lips to the embouchure or mouth-hole: lastly, in the trumpet, and horn-tribe generally, it is the vibration of the lips themselves, tensely strained across an excavated mouth-piece, which develop the tone. Now it is to the first and second methods alone that bird-voice is attributable; but the raw material of the voice (if I may so call it) is rude and unpolished; the delightful warblings which please listeners so much have to be moulded into consistency and order by a series of beautiful throat muscles, which it would be useless for me to write about, as only the anatomist can fully understand the fitness of their adaptation.

A SUMMER'S DAY AT WINDSOR.



WINDSOR FROM THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

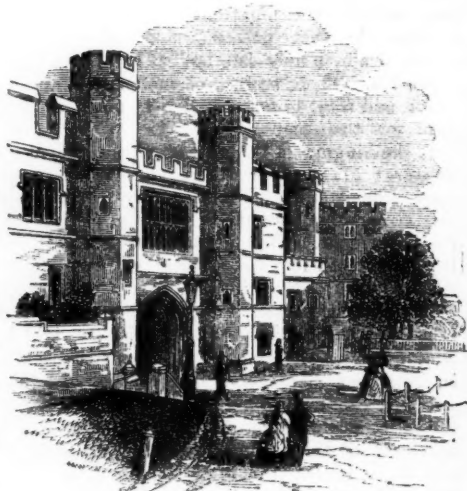
In previous articles we have given descriptive and historical notices of the chief points of interest in Windsor and its neighbourhood. To examine in detail the many objects of antiquarian or architectural interest would require a long sojourn and frequent study; but, for the benefit of those who have only leisure for a hasty visit, a few practical hints may be acceptable, as to how to make the most of a summer's day at Windsor.

By starting from London early in the morning, Windsor can be reached before half-past nine A.M., either by means of the South Western Railway, Waterloo Road, or the Great Western, Paddington; and thus the visitor can insure having a long day before him, during which many of those attractions may be seen that render Windsor famous both at home and abroad. It is true that, to visit all the objects and places of interest referred to in this sketch, will demand a diligent employment of time; but it may be effected without much effort.

Presuming that the visitor has secured a ticket of admission* to the state apartments, that he is

* Access to the exterior is free to the public. The only portion of the interior shown to strangers, excepting under special circumstances, is that containing the state apartments. To view them, a ticket of admission is requisite, which, for the sake of economising time, should be obtained beforehand in London, by application to one of the principal East or West End print-sellers. If, on arriving at Windsor, the visitor should happen to be unprovided with a ticket, he can procure one there, by applying to Mr. Roberts, at the Lord Chamberlain's Office, near the Winchester Tower, between the hours of one and three, during the months intervening between March 31st and November 1st, and between the hours of twelve and two during the remaining months. But a ticket so obtained can only be used on the day of its issue; whereas a London ticket is available for a week, and likewise enables its holder to view the apartments two hours earlier than is otherwise feasible. The state apartments, however, are only shown to the public on Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, during the absence of the court. Admittance to the Round Tower is allowed on the same days. For permission to see the Queen's private apartments, written application must be made to the Lord Chamberlain, at St. James's Palace, for a special order. The interior of St. George's Chapel may be viewed from ten until half-past ten, and after morning divine service until half-past four. An attendant usually is waiting at the door of the chapel or within, to accompany visitors during their inspection; but if one should

desirous of inspecting them, as well as St. George's Chapel and the exterior of the Castle, early in the day, and that he arrives in Windsor by half-past nine, under these circumstances he cannot do better than commence his undertaking by hastening at once to the Castle to take a rapid view of its exterior.



HENRY VIII'S GATEWAY.

He should proceed, then, direct from the Railway Station to the roadway passing under Henry VIII's gate, and through the Castle inclosure. As the latter is entered, the surrounding *coup d'œil* cannot fail to excite admiration. On the right, the elegantly elaborated gothic architecture of St. George's Chapel is seen; on the left, are the picturesque Garter House, the retreat of the Military Knights of Windsor, with the ivy-mantled central tower, their governor's residence; while in front, the huge Round Tower rises aloft some two hundred feet, elevated on a green mound, surrounded by tree and shrub foliage. Proceeding to the left of the Round Tower, under the adjoining Norman gateway, a few paces beyond, an opening will present itself, leading down a covered flight of steps on to the Grand or North Terrace, whence a prospect of exquisite loveliness spreads far and wide, extending over Berks, Bucks, Oxford, Bedford and Middlesex, and forming a perfect combination of verdant grandeur, softness, variety, and harmony. Densely wooded park scenery, on the right, breaks towards the front into magnificent avenues of gigantic elms, lining and intersecting broad roadways and trim lawns. In front, the town of Eton rises from the banks of the Thames, strikingly backed by the venerable pile of the College, and the lofty light grey walls of its fine old chapel, intermingling with which are lines of diverse forest trees of the most luxuriant growth. To the left, the silvery gleaming river winds gracefully through the Clewer meadows; and beyond all, a deliciously varied dis-

not be there, by applying at the Horse-shoe Cloisters, near at hand, and to which direction can be readily obtained, an attendant can be procured.

tance expands in every direction, showing white-looking spires, villages, mansions, and farm-houses, nestling here and there on the rich plain, amongst corn-fields, groves, and fat pastures, or about the remote uplands, which melt dreamily into the sky; whilst in the foreground, immediately beneath the eye, descending from the terrace are vari-coloured masses of the most beautiful foliages, shadowing mazy pathways and inviting glades—the pet haunt of a throng of ever tuneful songsters.

"And ye, that from the stately brow
Of Windsor's heights, the expanse below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver winding way,"

may well deem that you have experienced a treat.

By walking westward along the terrace, William de Wykeham's charming Winchester Tower, with its hanging gardens, may be viewed to great advantage. Retracing his steps to the terrace entrance, the visitor will perceive a date (1583) over it, indicating that the portion of the Castle before him was erected by Queen Elizabeth. Continuing his course eastward, he will pass George IV's Tower and Cornwall Tower, and have the opportunity of closely inspecting the north and most strikingly picturesque *façade* of the Castle. The iron railings, barring further progress, have a gateway opening on to the east terrace, to which there is public access only on certain days. The Queen's private garden, tastefully laid out, and adorned with some fine vases and statuary, descends from this terrace, surrounded by a broad gravelled walk, affording enchanting glimpses into the beautiful Castle slopes, and commanding a most delightful landscape over the little and great Parks. Looking towards the south-east from the central walk, a large ivy-clad decapitated



HERNE'S OAK.

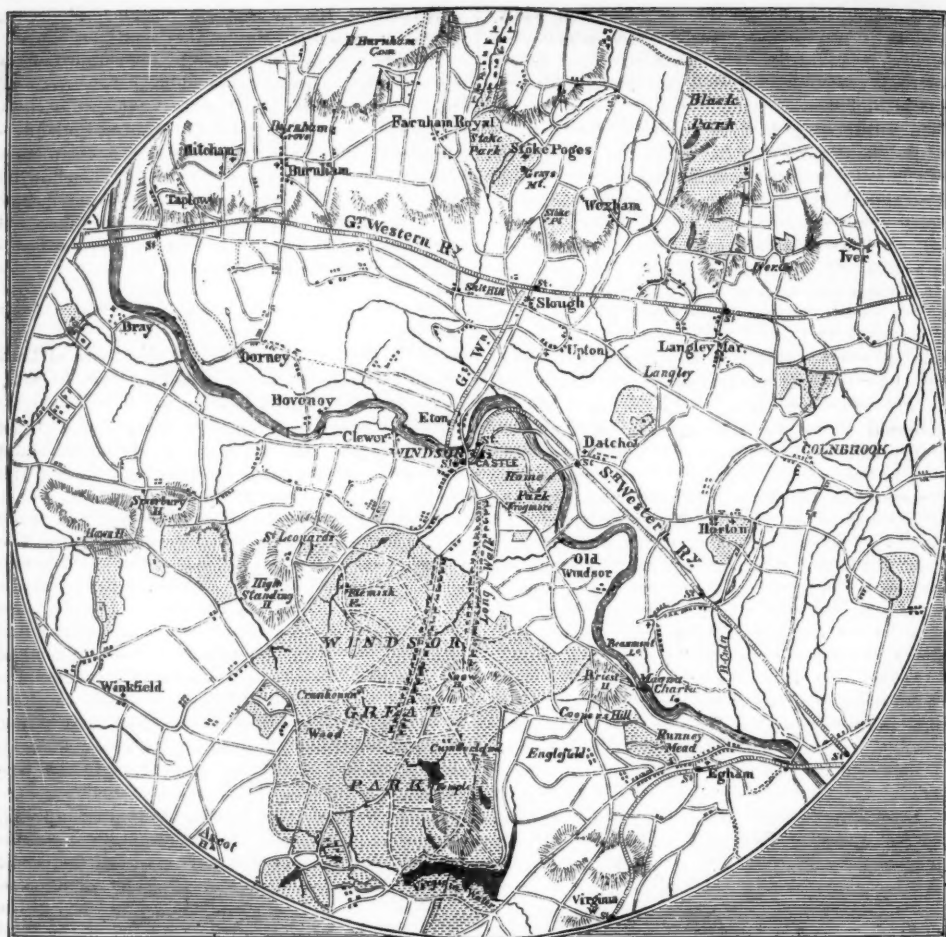
stem of a tree is observable, near to which stand the remains of the celebrated Herne's oak.

Returning to the terrace entrance steps—on emerging from their summit, to continue the circuit of the Castle, the antiquated appearance of the surrounding buildings will forcibly contrast with the aspect of other portions. Opposite to him, the visitor will perceive the entrance to the Round Tower, and on his left hand the entrance to the state apartments, under a small gothic porch at the corner of the quadrangle formed by King John's Tower. Proceeding forwards, he will arrive in front of the quadrangle, on the north side of which are the state apartments, and on the east and south sides the private apartments of the Queen and her household. He will now find himself in a narrow passage running between a statue of Charles II and the Round Tower, and beneath St. George's Gate to Edward III's Tower. Here he will emerge on a roadway ascending on the left to the Queen's private entrance, and descending on the right into the town—the route that he must take as far as Henry VIII's Gate, to complete the circuit of those parts of the Castle's exterior ordinarily accessible.

As the circuit of the outward buildings need not occupy more than half an hour, by the time it is completed (ten o'clock) the interior of St. George's Chapel may be visited. The exquisite beauty of its internal architectural features and decorations is indescribable. The verger will take care to direct attention to them, and other noteworthy objects, especially to the Princess Charlotte's cenotaph, a most effective and impressive monument, executed by Henry Wyatt, and so disposed as to receive a magical illumination from surrounding stained-glass windows. The choir is devoted to the performance of divine service and the religious ceremonies connected with the installation of the Knights of the Garter. One of the guide-books describes this portion of the edifice, in the style characteristic of that class of publications:—"The richness of the roof and carved work, the beautiful effect of the great painted window above the altar at the west end, and the gay banners of the knights surmounting their respective stalls, combine to present to the eye an almost unrivalled union of sublimity and beauty. The stalls of the knights are arranged on each side of the choir, and those of the sovereign and princes of the blood-royal under the organ gallery. Over each stall, under a canopy of carved work, are the sword, mantle, helmet, and crest of a knight; above these is the banner on which are his armorial bearings; and at the back of the stall an engraved brass plate records his name, style, and titles. The stall of the sovereign is distinguished by a canopy and curtains of purple velvet with gold fringe; on the pedestals of the stalls, the life of our Saviour is represented in uncommonly rich carved work, and on those under the organ gallery are the adventures of St. George."*

Hours might be wiled away both profitably and pleasantly amidst the other attractions of the Chapel, consisting of beautiful small chantries and deeply interesting tombs and monuments, ancient and modern, of the once mighty amongst the denizens of earth. But since our visitor has

* From Brown's useful "Windsor Guide," Castle Hill, Windsor.



MAP OF WINDSOR AND ITS ENVIRONS.

merely a day before him in which "to see everything," to make the best use of his time he should, when service commences, proceed to view the state apartments.

This grand suite of rooms is variously enriched with valuable collections of paintings, magnificent decorations and furniture, and choice articles of vertu. For instance, the Queen's Audience-chamber contains fine specimens of Gobelin tapestry and an interesting portrait of Mary Queen of Scots. The Vandyke room affords a remarkably fine selection of portraits by that eminent master. In the Queen's Drawing-room, amongst other objects of great interest, there is a splendid cabinet of mosaic work. The State Ante-room displays several masterpieces of carving of fruit, flowers, fish and game, by Grinling Gibbons; and the Grand Vestibule, beautiful ornamentation, old armour, military trophies, a fine piece of sculpture, the Infant Hercules, a curious musical clock, and a singularly trained root representing a Chinese dragon. The Waterloo Chamber is remarkable for its elegant richness of appearance and noble proportions. It

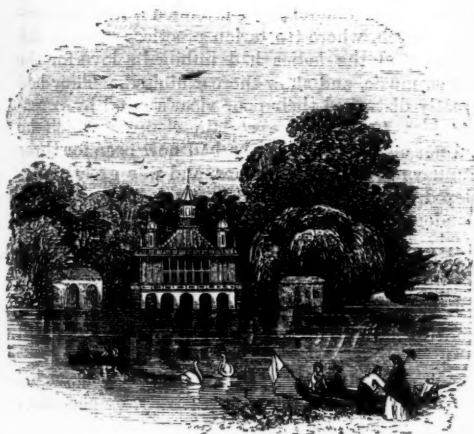
is adorned with portraits of all the eminent personages connected with that celebrated victory, in commemoration of which, on its anniversary, William IV was accustomed to give in this hall an entertainment to the Duke of Wellington and the surviving Waterloo officers. The Grand Ball-room surpasses every other state apartment in splendour of embellishment, while all its appointments are of the most superb character.

The enormous dimensions of St. George's Hall form one of its most striking features. Its length is 200 feet, breadth 34 feet, and height 32 feet. Grand banquets take place here on the occasion of the installation of Knights of the Garter. The Guard Chamber is a species of armoury, in which arms and armour are ingeniously disposed, some of which are very ancient, perfect, and costly specimens. A portion also of the fore-mast of the "Victory," surmounted by Chantrey's fine colossal bust of Nelson, is exhibited here; and over the chimney-piece is the exquisite silver shield, inlaid with gold, executed by Benvenuto Cellini, and presented by Francis I to Henry VIII on the Field of

the Cloth of Gold. Lastly, gems of carving by Gibbons, a cleverly sculptured chimney-piece, representing *Patience* and *Vigilance*, by R. Bacon, and some curious tapestry, adorn the Queen's Presence-chamber.

On terminating the inspection of these apartments, the Round Tower can be ascended, from the summit of which an enchanting panoramic view is obtained, embracing portions of the following twelve counties, namely—Berks, Oxford, Bucks, Bedford, Hertford, Middlesex, Essex, Kent, Sussex, Surrey, Hants, and Wilts.

After due refreshment—pic-nic fashion or otherwise—a choice of peculiarly delightful walks or drives presents itself for the afternoon's occupation. A stroll or drive up the Long Walk to Snow Hill, about two and a half miles distant from Windsor, will afford glimpses of the Prince Consort's celebrated Model Farm, as well as of fine forest scenery, enlivened by troops of grazing deer; while from the brow of the hill a glorious scene (partially represented in the preceding number of this journal) presents itself to the eye, conveying the impression of being a vast domain fittingly belonging to an abode of England's mighty sovereign, and reposing serenely in richest luxuriance—a perfect emblem of the peace and prosperity which her subjects most ardently desire may ever attend their beloved Queen. On facing Windsor, the roadway to the right leads, by a route replete with scenic loveliness, to Virginia Water, distant about three miles and a half.



VIRGINIA WATER.

The ride to Virginia Water is along a sloping rise, commanding the most exquisitely beautiful of all the beautiful views of the Castle which the park affords. To the left, the brow of Cooper's Hill may be gained, overlooking the fields of Surrey; and then back again to the descent of Priest's Hill, where another scene of enchanting loveliness opens; along the bottom to Runnymede—a name which makes an Englishman's heart throb, and home by way of dear old Windsor, with its church and yews, and tombs and epitaphs. How often have we thought, if King Arthur's fairy land be

anywhere, it lies around the royal Castle, with which poetry has bound up his name.

The close of the day at Windsor, if arrangements can be made to allow of these additional enjoyments, should be spent on the North Terrace, to witness the sunset over the adjacent country, and afterwards in roaming about the Castle precincts, to view it under the influence of the moon's mellowing light. But, at all events, we have indicated how a summer's day may be passed in this favoured locality, so as to add a page of ever-pleasing reminiscences to the book of memory.

REMINISCENCES OF THE OLD CHAPTER COFFEE-HOUSE, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.

THIS ancient and once celebrated house is now closed for its former uses by a decree of the Court of Chancery. It was for many years the resort of the clergy, both London and provincial, and was a very interesting old place. Its entrance was, as many of the shops of the city anciently were, down two steps. The coffee-room was spacious and convenient, although it appeared, at first entering, to have "light to counterfeit a gloom;" yet somehow it was very cheerful, being fitted up with convenient dark mahogany boxes of various sizes, and the visitors had the privilege of access to a small select library. Instead of gas-light in the evening, there were two large candles placed in each box, as of olden times. The two old waiters were men of grave deportment, very respectful and respectable. No smoking was allowed.

Up-stairs there was a corresponding large room, appropriated from ten till four to meetings of publishers, who there devised and managed the publication of works in joint-stock shares of a peculiar kind, to which long custom had attached a sort of legal property. Altogether, it was a house quite unique, quaintly intellectual, and diverse from all others. My recollections of it, and of its very pleasant and agreeable society, are quite delightful; but I am grieved to find it has now become one of the by-gones.

It will be generally admitted that the clergy, as a body, are a very agreeable, well-informed, gentlemanly class of men; and for strangers visiting London, it was no small advantage to have the privilege of enjoying their society without the formality of an introduction. An hour or two of most agreeable conversation might be there enjoyed with them, or with the few literary gentlemen who frequented the room daily.

It was also a curious sight, and quite in keeping, to see from the deep windows the busy operations of the booksellers' collectors, with their bags, especially on what the trade call "magazine days." The shops were then like bee-hives; indeed, the collector's employment was that of gathering intellectual sweets, but unlike the bees in one respect, for they collected some poison also.

One side of the coffee-room overlooked all this bustle, while the other faced a very quiet (some people called it dull) yard, in which stood the Chap-

ter-house—a very dingy, mysterious-looking stone mansion, that puzzled the passers-by, not in the secret, to know what could be its purpose or interior occupation; for, from day to day, no one was to be seen ascending or descending its high steps. If, however, any person did happen by some accident to climb and sound the awful brass knocker, you would see half the huge door opened just three or four inches, and in the aperture a wizened-faced old woman in a mob-cap would present herself, and ask in a shrill voice, "What is the matter?" There was, indeed, a day, but it only came once in three or four years, when lordly prelates in full state dresses, attended by their apparitors, proctors, and other quaint officers, in the most odd wigs and grotesque costumes of a by-gone age, descended those steps and marched in procession to the cathedral. After this the old mansion resumed its wonted solitude and repose.

We will now, however, return to the more lively and agreeable coffee-house. Every day, Sundays excepted, at five o'clock punctually, by St. Paul's clock, there was provided a neat plain dinner, consisting of one joint of meat and one dish of vegetables, a very sumptuous dinner for a curate or an incumbent of "a starveling," at which a few clergy might be seen with their half pint of port, very pleasantly enjoying this ordinary fare. The plain fare, however, was seasoned with most agreeable conversation; for many a time has the writer—a layman—dined there and found it "a feast of reason" and "a flow of soul" in the best sense.

In one of the boxes, always the same if he could get it, for it was one in a retired corner, might be seen daily from nine to one, when he left for dinner, and from two to five, when he was supposed to take a siesta for an hour, as he returned again at six and remained till nine, when he finally retired—a little, odd-looking, pale, vacant-faced man, about fifty (always fifty!) years of age, with spectacles, not on nose, but turned up on his forehead, for he did not read through them. He had great goggle eyes, a very long curly nose, that is, curled upward, and a very sharp-pointed chin. His skin was "London particular," that is, smoke-dried; altogether he was a man "made to order;" once seen, you could never forget him. He occupied these ten hours entirely in reading four morning and three evening London papers; for he never read anything else, and he was never found absent but once. The waiter, on that occasion, ventured the next morning to "hope he was not ill." "No," was the curt reply. So, why he was absent remained a mystery to both waiters and visitors. The Reverend Rector of — once laid himself out to entice him into a conversation. He therefore placed himself beside the little man, and contrived to see the article he was reading. So he said, "Allow me, sir, to ask what is your opinion of —?" mentioning the subject.

"I have none," was the reply, without moving his eye from the paper.

"Can you, sir, read without thinking?"

"Yes," said he sharply, and he moved the paper so as to form a barrier between himself and the impertinent querist. Thus the rector was baffled.

Well, the little old man died at last—of course

at the age of fifty! He had been, or rather his father had been, a calender; and on his parent's decease, finding the business too abstruse for his powers, he most wisely disposed of it, and retired to very retired lodgings in a quiet little court in Basinghall Street, and he spent his days uselessly, between this retirement and the Chapter Coffee-house, for a period of years that would generally be reckoned twenty-five; but, as he was fifty when his father died, and apparently the same age when he himself died, we shall not attempt to elucidate the mystery. He left by will all his property to a distant relative; but whether it was in stock, or in a stocking, that relative has never discovered.

I remember dining in the coffee-room with a country vicar, a very fair specimen of the rural clergy. He was a man of middle age, a scholar and a gentleman, of pleasing manners, kind and confiding. He held a secluded living in Dorsetshire, and had led a very retired life for so many years that he knew very little of the world practically. He accepted his politics from the "Standard" of those days, and his theology from old books. It was surprising to find how little practical wisdom was in him. From the circumstance of my having a slight knowledge of himself and his parish, we became quite confidential. He had come to London especially to make himself acquainted with the several shades of the late innovations and practices in church services. This object had arisen from a severe pressure upon him from the female part of the family of his patron, the squire. They had lately visited London, and attended a new fashionable church, where tractarian practices were in full bloom, and the ladies had imbibed a love for the forms, music, and show there exhibited. They had greatly disturbed their poor vicar's mind by pressing him to introduce certain changes which he did not at all relish, and he had now been for three Sundays at various churches, and was greatly perplexed by all he saw and heard in the diocese of London. He mentioned these things to me in a friendly, consulting manner, and patiently listened to the suggestions I ventured to make, on his asking me what I would advise him to do.

"Allow me to ask," said I—"and don't be offended—have you a good voice?" (I knew he had not).

"Why," he replied, "I am pretty well heard."

"Ay, but do you read impressively, emphasizing properly as you read?"

Well, he admitted he was not quite sure of that.

"It is," I observed, "singular, but the reading of most of you rural clergy is very bad. You read either haughtily, monotonously, or feebly, so as merely to reach the ear, but not to impress the understanding. You commence 'Dearly beloved brethren,' but read so that they do not believe you mean what you say. Then you go on, 'He pardoneth and absolveth,' in a similar manner, which does not convey to their minds that it is an important fact you are enunciating. This is a bad beginning; and so you proceed, the people continuing to hear in the same unbelieving manner. Now, pardon me; but when your boys put the lighted

crackers under the tail of the farmer's poor donkey, and he smashed the little cart, did you address them in the same dry tone? or did you address your daughter, on her return home after her severe illness, in the same cool manner as you do the 'dearly beloved brethren?'"

"Well," said my clerical friend, "you put it rather strong; but what alterations would you, as an old churchman, recommend to meet my parishioners' desires?"

"Why, none really in matter, only in manner. When you return, say nothing about what you have seen and heard: it will only excite their appetite to crave more; but appear mysterious. All people love mystery. Commence boldly a new style of reading, and, as you have singers, introduce a chant or two. The squire's family will think this a step in the right direction, and, what is more, it may interest the people. Then, as respects the candlesticks for the communion table, which the squire has promised, they are mere ornament unless they be lighted in daylight, and then are simply ridiculous; and nothing that is ridiculous should appear there."

"You are quite right," said he, "and I will follow your advice."

I much regret not having the letter my reverend friend wrote me, in which he describes the success of his measures.

The following letter used frequently to be read, to the great amusement of the rural clergy present. It speaks of a day long gone by. A lady in the diocese of —, who had a little acquaintance with the bishop thereof, and a great reverence for him, was in the habit of relating to all her friends the following instance of his lordship's humility, and "his kindness to her son George at Cambridge." She writes: "The bishop was there on a visit, as my son was also. George had called on the master of St. John's, where he most unexpectedly met his lordship, and was introduced to him as my son, when, after many kind and flattering expressions of his regard, his lordship said he was then going to Trinity, and honoured him with an invitation to walk there with him. Only think of such an exalted prelate stooping from his high dignity, and, with the meek humility so natural to him, condescending to take the arm of a youth who has not yet obtained any rank! Was it not enough to make us all proud? How elated George felt as he walked the banks of the Cam, the envy not only of all the graduates, but of all the heads of houses. At Trinity, his lordship condescended to introduce him, and to show him all that was curious and remarkable, even to the celebrated kitchen, (how the poor cooks must have been awed at the sight of a silk apron!) where he saw several huge spits, one above another, with many joints of meat thereon, roasting for the college dinner. The amiable prelate, smiling, turned to George and asked if he had ever heard the fame of this college? Not seeing the drift of the question, my son hastily answered that it was well known. 'I mean,' said his lordship, 'for york puddings!' George hesitated an answer. 'Do you know why they are so famous?' 'No, my lord,' said George, most reverently.

'Well, then, I will tell you. You see on those spits many sorts of meat, all dripping upon the puddings below, each depositing its own peculiar flavour, and so communicating a richly mingled one to the delicious yorkists that lay in the pans below; and if you will dine here to-day, you will be convinced of their excellence, for on this subject there is an entire uniformity of opinion; although,' he added, with a deep sigh, 'uniformity does not appear to be the taste of the age we live in.'

Seated in one particular box, and in one corner of it, for many years—no one knew how many—at seven o'clock every evening, Sundays excepted, was seen a very old gentleman, dressed in the costume of the second George, having at the knees of his breeches diamond buckles, and on his shoes silver ones, and he was supposed to be the last of the powder and pigtail generation. He was a fair, good-looking, gentlemanly old man, and, when last seen there, appeared about the age of seventy; but he might be more. He was never remembered to hold conversation with any one. Although he had been an attendant in the coffee-room for many years, yet no one knew anything of his name or occupation, nor of his original appearance there. On his arrival, the waiter, from long custom, without any order, brought him a tea equipage, with a small glass of brandy, which he always took in his tea. He first read the evening papers, and then a magazine or review, which the waiter placed beside him unasked for. At half-past nine exactly, he knocked on the table with a half-crown, (always a half-crown,) handed it to the waiter in attendance, and took no change; when the waiter bowed, handed him his great-coat, opened the door for him, and in silence he departed.

Many of the evening visitors were curious to know who and what he was. Among them was an Irish author, who determined to trace him home. One evening, accordingly, being prepared for the enterprise, he followed the old gentleman in a round-about course through the City Road and Pentonville to Tottenham Court Road, when the Irishman gave up the chase in despair. He observed him, during the walk, stop several times to examine carefully any collection of people, and on two occasions he took some poor persons into eating-houses, and supplied them with food; and he also gave money to some poor women, not mendicants.

The report made the next evening by the Irishman so keenly excited the curiosity of all present, that a collection was made to pay the expenses of the chase, and a suitable person was selected to follow up the inquiry. In a few evenings after, the man followed the old gentleman, who, however, took quite another direction, over Blackfriars Bridge, round Kennington, returning to Westminster Bridge, where he engaged a hackney coach. On this occasion he also took several poor women into eating-houses, and provided them with food, and stopped long to observe all gatherings of people outside theatres and other public places. On his entering the coach, the man was not quick enough to hear the direction given to the driver, so that the clue was thus lost.

The next evening, the man was directed to make one more effort, and, in case of a similar occurrence, he was to get up behind the coach. This time the old gentleman took the route of London Bridge and Bermondsey; and on his return, he engaged a coach in the Borough, whereupon the pursuer got up behind, and was driven to the Temple Gate, where the old gentleman was admitted (but the pursuer was not) at half-past 11. So here again our object was defeated. But our Irish friend was determined to satisfy his and our curiosity; so he proceeded next morning to the Temple, and questioned the gate-keeper, who remembered admitting the old gentleman, as he usually came in at that hour, and whose residence was No. —, King's Bench Walk. His name was Belton, but the gate-keeper did not think he was in practice. All he knew of him was, that he was a very singular character, and, for any further information, suggested an application to the collector. He, however, could give none, as the old Templar had been there long before his appointment.

Not long after this, he ceased to attend the coffee-room, and on inquiry at the porter's lodge, we learned that the old Templar had died, and was buried somewhere in Kent. So our curiosity was never quite satisfied.

NAPOLEON'S FIRST CAMPAIGN IN ITALY.

At a time when the head of the state ship of Europe has been so suddenly turned round, and we seem to have stepped back some sixty years in history, the following spirited description of Napoleon I.'s campaign in Italy, from the pen of the late J. G. Lockhart, will be perused, we doubt not, with deep interest.

Buonaparte at the age of twenty-six assumed the command of the army of Italy; exulting in the knowledge that, if he should conquer, the honour would be all his own. He had worked for others at Toulon, at the Col di Tende, at Saorgio: even in the affair of the Sections the first command had been nominally in the hands of Barras. Henceforth he was to have no rivals within the camp. "In three months," said he, "I shall be either at Milan or at Paris." He had already expressed the same feeling in a still nobler form. "You are too young," said one of the directors, hesitating about his appointment as general. "In a year," answered Napoleon, "I shall be either old or dead."

He found the army in numbers about 50,000; but wretchedly deficient in cavalry, in stores of every kind,* in clothing, and even in food, and watched by an enemy vastly more numerous. It was under such circumstances that he at once avowed the daring scheme of forcing a passage to Italy, and converting the richest territory of the enemy himself into the theatre of the war. "Soldiers," said he, "you are hungry and naked; the

Republic owes you much, but she has not the means to pay her debts. I am come to lead you into the most fertile plains that the sun beholds. Rich provinces, opulent towns, all shall be at your disposal. Soldiers! with such a prospect before you, can you fail in courage and constancy?" This was his first address to his army. The sinking hearts of the men beat high with hope and confidence when they heard the voice of the young and fearless leader; and Angereau, Massena, Serurier, Joubert, Lannes—distinguished officers who might themselves have aspired to the chief command—felt, from the moment they began to understand his character and system, that the true road to glory would be to follow the star of Napoleon.

He perceived that the time was come for turning a new leaf in the history of war. With such numbers of troops as the infant Republic could afford him, he saw that no considerable advantages could be obtained against the vast and highly-disciplined armies of Austria and her allies, unless the established rules and etiquettes of war were abandoned. It was only by such rapidity of motion as should utterly transcend the suspicion of his adversaries, that he could hope to concentrate the whole pith and energy of a small force upon some one point of a much greater force opposed to it, and thus rob them (according to his own favourite phrase) of the victory. To effect such rapid marches, it was necessary that the soldiery should make up their minds to consider tents and baggage as idle luxuries; and that, instead of a long and complicated chain of reserves and stores, they should dare to rely wholly for the means of subsistence on the resources of the countries into which their leader might conduct them. They must be contented to conquer at whatever hazard; to consider no sacrifices or hardships as worthy of a thought. The risk of destroying the character and discipline of the men, by accustoming them to pillage, was obvious. Buonaparte trusted to victory, the high natural spirit of the nation, and the influence of his own genius, for the means of avoiding this danger; and many years, it must be admitted, elapsed, before he found much reason personally to repent of the system which he adopted. Against the enemies of the Republic its success was splendid, even beyond his hopes.

The objects of the approaching expedition were three: first, to compel the king of Sardinia, who had already lost Savoy and Nice, but still maintained a powerful army on the frontiers of Piedmont, to abandon the alliance of Austria: secondly, to compel the Emperor, by a bold invasion of Lombardy, to make such exertions in that quarter as might weaken those armies which had so long hovered on the Rhine; and, if possible, to stir up the Italian subjects of that crown to adopt the revolutionary system and emancipate themselves for ever from its yoke. The third object, though more distant, was not less important. The influence of the Romish Church was considered by the Directory as the chief, though secret, support of the cause of royalism within their own territory; and to reduce the Vatican into insignificance, or at least force it to submission and

* Berthier used to keep, as a curiosity, a general order, by which three louis d'or were granted as a great supply to each general of division, dated on the very day of the victory at Albegna.

quiescence, appeared indispensable to the internal tranquillity of France. The Revolutionary Government, besides this general cause of hatred and suspicion, had a distinct injury to avenge. Their agent Basseville had three years before been assassinated in a popular tumult at Rome; the papal troops had not interfered to protect him, nor the pope to punish his murderers; and the haughty Republic considered this as an insult which could only be washed out with a sea of blood.

Napoleon's plan for gaining access to the fair regions of Italy differed from that of all former conquerors: they had uniformly penetrated the Alps at some point or other of that mighty range of mountains: he judged that the same end might be accomplished more easily by advancing along the narrow stripe of comparatively level country which intervenes between those enormous barriers and the Mediterranean Sea, and forcing a passage at the point where the last of the Alps melt, as it were, into the first and lowest of the Apennine range. No sooner did he begin to concentrate his troops towards this region, than the Austrian general, Beaulieu, took measures for protecting Genoa, and the entrance of Italy. He himself took post with one column of his army at Voltri, a town within ten miles of Genoa: he placed D'Argenteau with another Austrian column at Monte Notte, a strong height further to the westward; and the Sardinians, under Colli, occupied Ceva—which thus formed the extreme right of the whole line of the allied army. The French could not advance towards Genoa but by confronting some one of the three armies thus strongly posted, and sufficiently, as Beaulieu supposed, in communication with each other.

It was now that Buonaparte made his first effort to baffle the science of those who fancied there was nothing new to be done in warfare. On the 10th of April, D'Argenteau came down upon Monte Notte, and attacked some French redoubts, in front of that mountain and the villages which bear its name, at Monteleghino. At the same time General Cervoni and the French van were attacked by Beaulieu near Voltri, and compelled to retreat. The determined valour of Colonel Rampon, who commanded at Monteleghino, held D'Argenteau at bay during the 10th and 11th: and Buonaparte, contenting himself with watching Beaulieu, determined to strike his effectual blow at the centre of the enemy's line. During the night of the 11th various columns were marched upon Monteleghino, that of Cervoni and that of Laharpe from the van of the French line, those of Augereau and Massena from its rear. On the morning of the 12th, D'Argenteau, preparing to renew his attack on the redoubts of Monteleghino, found he had no longer Rampon only and his brave band to deal with; that French columns were in his rear, on his flank, and drawn up also behind the works at Monteleghino; in a word, that he was surrounded. He was compelled to retreat among the mountains: he left his colours and cannon behind him, 1000 killed, and 2000 prisoners. The centre of the allied army had been utterly routed, before either the Commander-in-chief at the left, or General Colli at the

right of the line, had any notion that a battle was going on.

Such was the battle of Monte Notte, the first of Napoleon's fields. Beaulieu, in order that he might re-establish his communication with Colli, (much endangered by the defeat of D'Argenteau,) was obliged to retreat upon Dego; the Sardinian, with the same purpose in view, fell back also, and took post at Millesimo; while D'Argenteau was striving to re-organize his dispirited troops in the difficult country between. It was their object to keep fast in these positions until succours could come up from Lombardy; but Napoleon had no mind to give them such respite. The very next day he commanded a general assault on the Austrian line. Augereau, with a fresh division, marched at the left upon Millesimo; Massena led the centre towards Dego; and Laharpe, with the French right wing, manoeuvred to turn the left flank of Beaulieu.

Augereau rushed upon the outposts of Millesimo, seized and retained the gorge which defends that place, and cut off Provera with two thousand Austrians, who occupied an eminence called Cossaria, from the main body of Colli's army. Next morning Buonaparte himself arrived at that scene of the operations. He forced Colli to accept battle, utterly broke and scattered him, and Provera, thus abandoned, was obliged to yield at discretion.

Meanwhile, Massena on the same day had assaulted the heights of Biastro, and carrying them at the point of the bayonet, cut off Beaulieu's communication with Colli; then Laharpe came in front and in flank also upon the village of Dego, and after a most desperate conflict, drove the Austrian commander-in-chief from his post. From this moment, Colli and Beaulieu were entirely separated. After the affairs of Dego and Millesimo, the former retreated in disorder upon Ceva, the latter, hotly pursued, upon Aquis; Colli, of course, being anxious to cover Turin, while the Austrian had his anxious thoughts already upon Milan. Colli was again defeated at Mondovi, in his disastrous retreat: he there lost his cannon, his baggage, and the best part of his troops. The Sardinian army might be said to be annihilated. The conqueror took possession of Cherasco, within ten miles of Turin, and there dictated the terms on which the King of Sardinia was to be permitted to retain any shadow of sovereign power.

Thus, in less than a month, did Napoleon lay the gates of Italy open before him. He had defeated, in three battles, forces much superior to his own; inflicted on them, in killed, wounded, and prisoners, a loss of 25,000 men; taken eighty guns and twenty-one standards; reduced the Austrians to inaction; utterly destroyed the Sardinian king's army; and, lastly, wrested from his hands Coni and Tortona, the two great fortresses called "the keys of the Alps," and, indeed, except Turin itself, every place of any consequence in his dominions. This unfortunate prince did not long survive such humiliation. He was father-in-law to both of the brothers of Louis xvi, and, considering their cause and his own dignity as equally at an end, died of a broken heart, within a few days after he had signed the treaty of Cherasco.

Buonaparte, meanwhile, had paused for a moment to consolidate his columns on the heights, from which the vast plain of Lombardy, rich and cultivated like a garden, and watered with innumerable fertilizing streams, lay at length within the full view of his victorious soldiery. "Hannibal forced the Alps," said he, gaily, as he now looked back on those stupendous barriers, "and we have turned them."

"Hitherto," he thus addressed his troops, "you have been fighting for barren rocks, memorable for your valour, but useless to your country; but now your exploits equal those of the armies of Holland and the Rhine. You were utterly destitute, and you have supplied all your wants. You have gained battles without cannon, passed rivers without bridges, performed forced marches without shoes, bivouacked without strong liquors, and often without bread. None but republican phalanxes, soldiers of liberty, could have endured such things. Thanks for your perseverance! But, soldiers, you have done nothing—for there remains much to do. Milan is not yet ours. The ashes of the conquerors of Tarquin are still trampled by the assassins of Basseville."

The consummate genius of this brief campaign could not be disputed; and the modest language of the young general's despatches to the Directory lent additional grace to his fame. At this time the name of Buonaparte was spotless, and the eyes of all Europe were fixed in admiration on his career.

NEW CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE.

SLOW WRITERS.

THE silly tenet is held by some, that elaboration is inconsistent with genius. If a writer have not a slippery pen that can skim over the paper, farewell to his fame! The winged horse must never choose his steps on the clouds, but always pass them over at a hand-gallop. Is it strange, then, that the heedless horseman should so often get a fall? It is not here intended to insist that elaboration is inseparable from genius; far otherwise. The maxim is as true in a work of mind, as in that of worldly ambition: "If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well 'twere done quickly." If nothing else were gained, time would be gained, and that would be something. But, more, I grant that rapidity is a sign of power, no less than of impotence. Let the work be done, and, if at a fiat, so much the nearer divine. Unless, however, by first-rate spirits, and seldom ever by them, it is not done: it is slubbed. Genius, doubtless, has often its best thoughts intuitively, without process or travail; at least, both so imperceptible as to pass for a kind of inspiration. But to weave those thoughts into a train of description or story is matter of delay and intellectual toil. Withal, by the sweat of the brow must the fruits of the brain be reared to perfection. Homer, we may be certain, did not fill up the "Iliad" off his fingers as he would a fandango, nor write the "Odyssey" upon one foot. No; the fruits also of Dante's genius

were matured a little more than mushrooms. Milton addresses his "native language" thus:—

"Such as may make thee search thy coffers round,
Before thou clothe thy fancy in fit sound."

A writer in the "Quarterly Review," reviewing the "Autobiography of Sir Egerton Brydges," observes:—"The delicate sensibilities of genius are precious gifts; nothing great can be done without them; but by their means alone nothing either great or good ever has been, or ever will be effected in the world of letters. They are but the materials for laborious and patient art to work with; and he who cannot command them within his own bosom, will never command the thoughts and feelings of mankind to such an extent as is required for the erection of an intellectual authority over a cultivated age." Such, also, was the language of Sir Joshua Reynolds in his academical lectures on painting; such was that of Sir Isaac Newton on philosophy. The name of Porson conveys the impression not merely of extensive erudition, but of uncommon critical acuteness; yet this ornament of English philology asserted that his attainments were wholly the result of application; and that those who would read and transcribe, as attentively as he had done, would find themselves possessed of a power of memory which many good-natured people were disposed to regard in him as a prodigy.

"Nothing great and durable," says Thomas Moore, "has ever been produced with ease. Labour is the parent of all the lasting monuments of this world, whether in verse or in stone, whether poetry or pyramids." There can be no doubt that the mistaking easy reading for easy writing is fatal to young writers.

"It would be a profitable thing," says the Reverend Sydney Smith, in his lecture on the "Culture of the Understanding," "to draw up a short and well-authenticated account of the habits of study of the most celebrated writers. It would go far to destroy the absurd and pernicious associations of genius and idleness, by showing that men of the most brilliant and imposing talents have actually lived a life of intense and incessant labour; and that the most obvious reason why they have been superior to other men is, that they have taken more pains than other men; that, instead of trusting to the resources of their own minds, they have ransacked a thousand minds; that it has ever been the object of their lives to assist every intellectual gift of nature, however munificent and however splendid, with every resource that art could suggest, and every attention diligence could bestow." "There will be time enough for repose in the grave," although uttered by Nicole to Pascal, has been the motto of the greatest literary men. Gibbon was in his study every morning, winter and summer, at six o'clock. Leibnitz was never out of his library; Pascal killed himself by study; Milton was at his books with as much regularity as a merchant or an attorney: he had mastered all the knowledge of his time. Bishop Jewell commonly read from four in the morning till ten at night, almost regardless of the requirements of nature.

When a man is once in love with a thought, he is not apt to grudge the time spent in dressing it

with all the splendour and exactness he can afford. This sometimes occurs with authors the farthest removed from all suspicion of slowness or penury of invention. Ariosto, one of the most original and prolific of poets, is said to have written the first stanza of his "Orlando" ten or twelve times over. Fenton says jestingly of Waller, that he "spent the greatest part of a summer in correcting a poem of ten lines"—those written in the "Tasso" of the Duchess of York. Malherbe, in writing a consolatory poem to the President De Verdun, on the death of his wife, was so long in bringing his verses to that degree of perfection which satisfied his own fastidious taste, that the president was happily re-married, and the consolation not at all required. Though Alexander Pope's facility in writing verses was precocious, the complete mastery of his art seems to have been gradually and laboriously developed. "So regular my rage," was the description which he has himself applied to his own poetry. "It was not so much," says the Earl of Carlisle, "the pomp and prodigality, which have been allotted to a few; it was rather in the edifice of song which he has reared, that nicety of detail, and that completeness of finish, where every stroke of the hammer tells, and every nail holds its exact place."

Sheridan dallied fondly with the ideas of which he was most proud, and employed himself very patiently in polishing the diamonds which had been brought to light by the richness of his native vein. Take an instance from his *Common-place Book*:—"He employs his fancy in his narrative, and keeps his recollections for his wit." The same idea was expanded into—"When he makes his jokes, you applaud the accuracy of his memory, and 'tis only when he states his facts that you admire the flights of his imagination." But when the thought came forth (at the expense of Kelly, who, having been a composer of music, became a wine-merchant,) it took this form:—"You will import your music, and compose your wine." He also used the idea in the House of Commons, at Mr. Dundas's cost and charge, "who generally resorts to his memory for his jokes, and to his imagination for his facts."

Moore, in his "Life of Sheridan," speaking of some of the manuscripts in his possession, says that "there is not a page of them that does not bear testimony to the fastidious care with which he selected, arranged, and moulded his language, so as to form it into that transparent channel of his thoughts which it is at present. His chief objects in correcting were to condense and simplify—to get rid of all unnecessary phrases and epithets."

Churchill used to confess to his intimate friends, that he never published anything till he began to be pleased with it himself; but to the public he boasted of the haste and carelessness with which he sat down and discharged his rapid thoughts.

"When the mad fit comes on, I seize the pen;
Rough as they run, the rapid thoughts set down,
Rough as they run, discharge them on the town."

Cowper alludes to this point in his "Table Talk":—

"Spendthrift alike of money and of wit,
Always at speed, and never drawing bit."

Churchill, however, once acknowledged to his publisher that "blotting was like cutting away one's own flesh." No writer, I believe, is at all times free from what Ben Jonson calls "pinching throes."

Easy and unlaboured as Izaak Walton's style appears, it was not easily acquired; nor did he allow himself to be readily satisfied with it; but, to use Milton's phrase, "took time enough to pencil it over with all the various touches of art." He lived to see five editions of the "Angler" published, and "in every one," says Sir Harris Nicholas, in his superb edition, "after the first, he altered and amended not merely the substance, but the phraseology. Sometimes, he merely changed a word, or at most a sentence; at others, he omitted sentences altogether, or supplied their places by others of more pleasing structure. The Benedictine editors of the works of Bossuet, Bishop of Meaux, inform us that his manuscripts are so much disfigured by obliterations, insertions, and corrections, of every kind, as to be almost illegible. The Duc de Rochefoucauld likewise took enormous pains in the composition of his "Maxims and Moral Reflections," submitting each maxim for the approval of his numerous circle of friends, and altering some of them nearly thirty times.

On the death of Queen Anne, Addison was made Secretary to the Lords Justices, in whose hands the regency was vested till the arrival of George I. In this character, it was his duty to announce to the Court of Hanover the queen's demise and the vacancy of the throne. Addison, so the popular story goes, was so distracted by choice of expression, and by balancing the niceties of language, that the Lords Justices lost all patience, and ordered a clerk to execute the task; which he, in the common forms, easily accomplished. This story, it must be confessed, rests but upon slender foundation.

UNCERTAINTY OF LIFE.

LIKE crowded forest trees we stand,
And some are marked to fall;
The axe will strike at God's command,
And soon shall smite us all.

Green as the bay tree, ever green
With its new foliage on,
The gay, the thoughtless, have I seen;
I passed and they were gone.

Read, ye that run, the awful truth,
With which I charge my page;
A worm is in the bud of youth,
And at the root of age.

No present health can health insure
For yet an hour to come;
No medicine, though it oft can cure,
Can always baulk the tomb.

Then let us fly, to Jesus fly,
Whose powerful arm can save;
So shall our hopes ascend on high,
And triumph o'er the grave.

COWPER.

VARIETIES.

SUDDEN WHITENING OF THE HAIR.—A correspondent of the "Medical Times" having asked for authentic instances of hair becoming grey within the space of one night, Mr. D. P. Parry, staff-surgeon at Aldershot, writes the following very remarkable account of a case of which, he says, he made memoranda shortly after the occurrence:—"On February 19th, 1858, the column under General Franks, in the south of Oude, was engaged with a rebel force at the village of Chamda, and several prisoners were taken. One of them, a Sepoy of the Bengal Army, was brought before the authorities for examination; and, being present, I had an opportunity of watching from the commencement the fact I am about to record. Divested of his uniform, and stripped completely naked, he was surrounded by the soldiers, and then first apparently became alive to the dangers of his position; he trembled violently, intense horror and despair were depicted in his countenance, and although he answered the questions addressed to him, he seemed almost stupefied with fear; while actually under observation, within the space of half-an-hour, his hair became grey on every portion of his head, it having been, when first seen by me, the glossy jet black of the Bengalee, aged about twenty-four. The attention of the by-standers was first attracted by the sergeant, whose prisoner he was, exclaiming, 'He is turning grey!' and I, with several other persons, watched its progress. Gradually but decidedly the change went on, and a uniform greyish colour was completed within the period above-named."

THE CABINETS SINCE THE REFORM ACT.—The following account of the names and duration of the various administrations which have governed England since the passing of the Reform Act of 1832, will be read with interest. The Ministry of Earl Grey held office from November, 1830, to August, 1834, and was instrumental in carrying the bill for the reform of the representative system. On the resignation of Earl Grey, in August, 1834, the whig ministry was modified, and Viscount Melbourne was raised to the office of first lord of the treasury. This ministry was dissolved by William IV, in November, 1834, when Sir Robert Peel was summoned by the king from Rome to form a new Government on moderate conservative principles. Sir Robert's tenure of office, however, was brief, for in the following April (1835) he was defeated on the famous "Appropriation Clause," and Lord Melbourne once more resumed the reins of Government. This, the second Melbourne Ministry, endured from April, 1835, to August, 1841, or upwards of six years, exclusive of the week's interregnum in 1839, when Lord Melbourne temporarily resigned, and was reinstated on the refusal of Sir Robert Peel to take office under certain circumstances. In the summer of 1841 the Whigs were defeated, and Sir R. Peel formed that Administration which carried the principle of free trade, and was eventually upset in 1846 by the secession of its "Protectionist" supporters. Lord John Russell's Administration, which succeeded, lasted from June, 1846, to February, 1852, when a defeat on the Militia Bill induced his lordship to resign office. Then came the brief Administration of the Earl of Derby, which lasted about nine months. It was dissolved just before Christmas, 1852, and the Earl of Aberdeen succeeded as the head of a Coalition Ministry, which was overthrown in January, 1855, on the Sebastopol inquiry motion, thus lasting a week or two more than two years. The Government of Lord Palmerston was then formed, and continued until February, 1858, when, being defeated on the Conspiracy Bill, his Lordship and his colleagues resigned office, which they had held for three years. The Government of Lord Derby was then formed.

TAX ON DOGS.—By a parliamentary return it appears that, in the year ended the 31st March, 1858, the tax on dogs realized £197,604.

TOBACCO AND SNUFF.—For the year ending October, 1857, the duty paid on tobacco and snuff was £5,272,471.

GROWTH OF LONDON.—London covers now 78,029 acres = 31,576 hectares = 121 square miles = a square of 11 miles to the side. The population in this area amounted in the year 1801 to 958,863, and in the year 1851 to 2,362,236. It is worthy of remark, that the population of London has increased with great steadiness; thus, in the five decennial periods the rate of increase was 18 per cent. from the year 1801 to 1811; and 21, 20, 17, and 21 per cent. in each of the next four periods of ten years. We see evident reasons for believing that London has not stopped in its onward course; for its houses are continually invading the surrounding fields; so the growth of population, going on nearly at the same rate as in the years 1841-1851, the inhabitants must now amount to about 2,720,607, of whom 1,274,432 are males, 1,446,175 are females. The population of London increased at a faster rate (1.8 per cent. per annum) than the population of the United Kingdom, for it is the capital of the British empire, which in its commerce, and in all circumstances affecting the population of its metropolis, acquired immense development in the half century. The London of 1858 is equal to three Londons of 1801.—*Report of Registrar General for 1858.*

BLIND TO THE GLORIES OF SUNSET.—At the recent anniversary of the St. Martin's School of Art, the Hon. Mr. Cowper, M.P., the chairman, remarked how very few persons there were who looked much at those gorgeous sights which were constantly to be seen in the skies; even when the most glorious sunset was taking place, persons for the most part passed heedlessly along the crowded thoroughfare; and the number of those were but few who raised their eyes from the level of the pavement to notice what was going on above their heads. The late Mr. Rogers, the poet, who was remarkable for always indulging his sentiments of the beautiful in this respect, was in the habit of walking up and down in the Green Park at evening when the sunset was taking place; and he enjoyed the sight so much himself, that he used to stop persons and invite them to look up into the sky, and share with him the magnificence of the sight. But he used to say that he could not find one person in twenty who took the slightest interest in what he was pointing out, and that they only looked on him as a troublesome, strange old gentleman, who was trying to point out something which was not in the least worth seeing. Numberless are the beauties which persons lose by never having trained their powers of observation.

CAREY, MARSHMAN, AND WARD.—They belonged to the "heroic age" of missions, and it fell to their lot to lay down and exemplify the principles on which missions should be organized, and to give a direction to missionary efforts for the future. They were the first to enforce the necessity of translating the Scriptures into all the languages of India. Their own translations were necessarily and confessedly imperfect, but some imperfections may be forgiven to men who produced the first editions of the New Testament in more than thirty of the Oriental languages and dialects, and thus gave to the work of translation that impulse which has never subsided. They were the first to insist on the absolute exclusion of caste from the native Christian community and church. They established the first native schools for heathen children in the north of India, and organized the first college for the education of native catechists and itinerants. They printed the first books in the language of Bengal, and laid the foundation of a vernacular library. They were the first to cultivate and improve that language, and render it the vehicle of national instruction. They published the first native newspaper in India, and the first religious periodical work. All this Mr. Marshman can cite in their behalf, adding that "in all departments of missionary labour and intellectual improvement they led the way; and it is on the broad foundation which they laid that the edifice of modern Indian missions has been erected." *From the "Times" Review of Marshman's Life of Carey.*